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We really started to click that summer of 2012. She came over often and we played gigs and recorded other songs... I even asked her to move in with me at some point and she said she would love to. I even asked her mom, though she didn't seem to care.

I told her I wanted to ride bikes with her, so she brought her ten speed over and we rode around for a bit, but she was very bad at it. She fell and couldn't keep up and was generally miserable the whole time... I cooked for her and she cleaned my often messy house and stayed for days, even weeks, and later in the summer I applied for re-financing on my home, because I had been paying on it for years and figured I could get the payments lowered. This was during the time when everyone was feeling the pinch of the recession.

When I got the new paperwork, the bank had pulled a fast one on me. Because my credit wasn't as good as when I bought the house (the same with everyone at that time), they actually raised my interest rates and DOUBLED my payment amounts... I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I fought and fought this, talked to real estate attorneys, but no one was able to help... and later that year, I faced the certainty that I would lose the house.

The house I had paid on for over ten years... that if I hadn't refinanced at their urging, would still be mine. It was wholesale thievery that the previous president had allowed, and was wrong in every way, but they did it to tens of thousands of others as well… this was the reality. The country I lived in wasn't free, and the people were not living the dream… they were victims. Victims of the sort you wouldn't even find in most third world countries... those countries had health care and weren't taking everything from their people.

It was an awakening to so many… the dumbing down of the population had bore its poison fruit in just one generation, and an Orwellian nightmare had come into sharp focus.

I called Kari and told her and she was upset, because we had talked about her moving in, but now things were all screwed up. I would have to find a new place, and Kari loved that old house and all of our history that we had lived there. She came over and we were close, but the specter of uncertainty and losing everything hung in the air in that time. Still she cheered me up when she could. She asked if we could record a song by Jim Croce. "I wanna try 'I Got A Name'"

"Oh! Good one! Lots of production. Let me find the chords. Since he has a deep voice, I think we can keep it in the original key and you can sing it an octave up!"

We did the whole production in one day. It took a while, but I had nothing but time now. I wasn't working like a lunatic, because there was no need. So I meticulously built the production and tried to even improve it with extra harmony

arrangements… at the end of the night we were listening to the track and as I heard those words as if for the first time, they meant much more to me. “moving ahead, so life won’t pass me by” I ruminated after the mix ended.

“I’m so sorry Sean. They say that moving, or losing a home is the most traumatic thing next to death!”

“I’ve heard that too. It seems that way. I love my old big box of a house. We’ve had so many good times here. Fuck! I’m gonna fight it. I’ll have to move, but I’m still gonna fight it. What they did was wrong.”

“Do you want me to help you move?”

“I’ll have some help, but yea, if you want to. You know you have a ton of stuff here, too!”

“Oh yea! That’s true... well... give me a call when you know more.”

Kari and Sean – I Got A Name

https://ia902707.us.archive.org/24/items/kari-and-sean-i-got-a-name-remix-final-second-jul-4-2023/Kari%20and%20Sean%20-%20I%20Got%20A%20Name%20REMIX%20vox%203rd%20EQ.m4a

I started cleaning and hired a large industrial dumpster to throw away all the things I didn’t need or had no room for in the new, smaller house that I would be living in. I called Kari, but she never called me back. Soon it was moving day and I hadn’t heard from her in weeks. I was upset and hurt at what appeared as her abandoning me. I was sad and missing her, and moving out of my house that I had lived in since I was a kid. I really needed her. When I came to her collection of clothes, her thigh high boots... her ten speed... I carried them out and thought for a moment. And then chucked them all into the big dumpster outside the house. Maybe it was time for a new girl, too.

After I lost the house, I found a small rental property out in the country and moved in quickly. I started to make money again through my on-line sales and was doing ok. But I hadn’t heard from Kari in a while. Just weeks ago we were talking about her moving into my old house, but now it seemed like my new new life at my new house would be with a new girl as well.

I moved and was settled in the new house for only a few days when I fnally got a call from her. I wondered what she would say about the time that had passed.

“Sean”

“Yea, hey stranger”

“Can you talk?”

“uh huh”

“Sean... I’m freaking out. And... I don’t want to live anymore...”

“baby, what’s wrong?”

“I don’t feel connected to this world anymore. I’ve been in a deep deep depression for the last few weeks. I feel like I’m BAD... that i’ve been a bad person for so long... that i’m just made that way... and sometimes I feel like it’s not me... that the world is just evil and I’m just adapting... I don’t know... i’m confused, sad... and I don’t feel like anyone in this world knows me or connects with me... you’re the only person I can call a friend and I don’t even know how you feel about me. And I’ve been kind of shitty to you... I don’t know why you put up with me! I mean... I really like you... but I haven’t even let you really know me. I’m worried that if I ever let you know me, that you would just want to get away... and I don’t know if I want to even do this anymore...”

“oh baby... are you ok? are you on the benzo’s again? I only ask because I know how those chemical reactions can mess with your brain”

“yes. I never stopped, Sean. I started right away out of drug court. Just a few at first... but I never felt right, even a year later... I’ve been trying to stop for a few weeks... I’m so tired of being fucked up, but it’s all I know now... and I’m sick of it. I want my life back... I want my brain back. I want to be my old self again. I don’t understand how I can want it so bad, spend a year and a half sober, and then fall right back again. I’m so fucked up. You know... I’ve kept myself numb for a reason, and when I stop, those reasons always come back... and it’s worse every time. I really feel like I’ve messed things up so badly... it’s time for a do-over!”

“Oh baby, I know... listen... you’re easily one of the best people I know... I don’t know if I matter to you, if I figure into your plans at all”-

“you do Sean”

“ok, well, good. I figure you call me when you’re sick of living, either you’re going to blame me or tell me that I matter... I figure one or the other!”

She gave a weak laugh.

“have you talked to your folks at all?”

“they don’t want to hear about it. They just think I’m being dramatic. They just pretend that everything’s fine... but I really feel like I want to die! Shouldn’t they

take that seriously? The girl who's sliced up her wrists and who's been beaten and busted and in deep shit for so many years... shouldn't they care??"

I could tell she was upset... I think she was crying, but I couldn't really tell. I honestly hadn't heard her cry hardly ever... so it was a hard thing to gauge. Tears would come, but she never broke... and the few times she did, it sounded strange... even forced... she was so different than any other girl... so tough. Much tougher than I was. I was the girl in this relationship much of the time.

"Kari, baby... you need to figure out what you want... if there's anything that you want... and you need to find that, or set some goal, and start doing it... one day at a time. Isn't that what they say? It's true... Maybe you should try to get a job. Just part time or something to give you a routine."

"Sean... I'm a convicted felon! Do you know how hard it would be for me to even get a job at the quickie mart?? I'm so screwed... I did it all to myself. I'm addicted to benzos and my heart hurts all the time... I miss Ned... it's all too much!"

"Kari. I would miss you so much. So much. It would kill me! You've shown me kindness and things that no girl has ever shown me... even ones that said they loved me"

"really?"

"Oh baby, yes! You're so BEAUTIFUL... and I don't mean that in a purely physical way... you have a delicate beauty that goes all the way to the bone! If I saw your skeleton, I would say WOW, that is the sexiest skeleton I've EVER SEEN!"

"hahah"

"I even hate to say you're beautiful... just so you know... I feel it all the time. I want to say it, but I worry it'll make me seem like the dog that I am... but I'm only human... and you know... a dog too!"

"hahaha.... aww... thank you for making me laugh!"

"Just a few months ago, you gave me the best birthday of my life. I'm actually afraid to tell you how much I like you. I wanted to tell you that night. I don't even know if you would want that. I don't want to rush things, but I know that you're the one person that always puts a smile on my face, always! You're the one person I want to tell when something good happens OR something bad. I mean, I have a friend, but he's not there for me, YOU ARE. You're the only one that's there for me! You're the most SANE and least judgmental person I've known. You have such a big heart, and you care about me and you listen to me. You remember things I've told you and whether you know it or not, you're the smartest person I know"

“I don’t see how you can think that, Sean… you’re so much smarter.”

“No… I’m older and had more experience… but you are creative and you pick up on things I say so fast.”

“I’m sorry I scared you tonight…”

“You told me once that any time someone threatens suicide, that they are nearly always making a cry for help or attention.”

“so you listen to me too!”

“and I’m listening now… I hear you, and I want to help. I’m here…”

“Can I come see you?”

“Kari. Yes. I’ve missed you so much. I really needed you. I lost my house and I thought I had lost you too… I”…

The words stuck in my throat yet again.

I wanted to say them.

“you want to come out tomorrow?”

“yes, but I’ll need gas money. And you’ll have to send me directions. I have no idea where you live now!”

“Oh yea! You’ll love it. It’s a new place, but it’s cool. It’s not as comfy as my old place, and it’s a little smaller, but it’s nicely laid out. And there’s SO much room! It’s SO far out in the country. We could walk around naked… even outside! So you’ll really come?”

“Of course, any time you want me… “

“Can we make a day of it? I never see you in the daytime. We could try to ride bikes and I can cook.”

“OK. I’ll call you in the morning when I get up.”

“do you feel better?”

“a little”

“Well… I want you to be OK. There’s a whole ‘nuther chapter we have to write. Sex, drugs and rock & roll”

“yea, we have fun don’t we”

“we have more than that, baby”

“I’ll call you tomorrow”

“ok baby”

I got off the phone and called her parents. I talked to her dad and he seemed unfazed. "ah she's ok... she just gets dramatic... " "ok, but she was talking about suicide... and she's tried before, right?" "yea... I guess... she's just acting out... she'll be ok" "can you at least talk to her for a few? Just see how she's doing. Just check?"

"Sure... "

"ok... I wouldn't call if I didn't think it was worth checking into"

"Ok.. I appreciate that...bye now"

And that was it. I asked her the next day if her dad had talked to her. She said he hadn't.

I had been mad at her, but she turned it around and made me feel like I was a jerk for being mad at her. She had been detoxing... Trying to get her life back. Depressed and trying to find a reason to live. And maybe I was the one tiny reason she needed. I just hope she never asks where her bike and her boots are. That will be hard to explain.

She came by the next day. It was early spring in 2012. I was out tilling the huge 2 acre yard at my new place on Peila Hill, in Collinsville. She was awkward, and knew it, looking cute, shy and sweet... still feeling the withdrawal from benzos, but wanting to help me. I had a bunch of seeds and other things to plant. She looked at the ugly box of tiny shiveled potatoes I had. "what are these?" "why those are seed potatoes!"

"Seed potatoes?"

"Yep!... I walked into the farmers market and asked the lady how do you grow potatoes? And she pointed to this box of shriveled little potatoes. I asked her how and said, 'you can cut them into as many pieces as you want, as long as there's an eye on it, it'll grow into a new one!' I said cool! And she said it works with pretty much everything, even those!' ... as she pointed to a box on the floor... with sad little shriveled dogs in it, barely moving... with a little sign that said "SEEEEEED PUPPIES!"

She looked at me with a probing eye... her eyebrow cocked... then furrowed... then cocked... then she looked away... then down... with her her brows deeply furrowed... it looked like she was going to say something big... but was finding the words.

"Sean" she said with calm resolve and a cute a matter-of-fact tone that I adored, looking me dead in the eyes, "you know we have to get those puppies".

I pulled her to me and she was stiff like a board, then she she softened and put her arms around me...

“ok... I made that last part up”

She pushed me back enough to see my wincing face,

“AWWW D’AAAWW! DAMMIT!.... why do I BELIEVE YOU when you say these CRAZY things?!"

I touched her face,

“Because I say crazy things that are true all the time! I’m sorry... I'm terrible... but a little funny...”

“I’m so gullible!”

"Actually you're ADORABLE! 'WE HAVE TO GET THOSE PUPPIES, SEAN!' haha..."

"Shut up! I was picturing these sad eyed little things, and... cutting them up? With an eye... damn, I'm dumb!"

“So do you want to help me plant my garden?”

“I think that would be a great way to spend this day!”

“I have an extra bike here, too... I thought maybe later we could go for a bike ride... you always promised to go on a ride with me, at my old house... it’s kind of harder here, though, because we have all of these hills... but I know you can do it.”

“yea... that sounds great.”

She came back over and put her arm around me.

“I missed this. Being normal. Being close and touching. Funny how drugs mess with that..."

"Me too, baby. You know me... I'm a love bird".

"You ARE... We’ve been together a long time... I... I know I've been a basket case. But i want you to know that you’ve been the nicest person I’ve ever come across. I didn’t believe it at first... so either you’re for real, or you’re the best faker I’ve ever met...”

“Aww, baby... I feel the same way. I often wondered what I mean to you. I’ve watched you stumble from one jerk to the next and all the while we’re still doing this thing that we do... whatever it is... and I am confused... I am afraid to tell you the things in my heart. And, you know, YEA.... you’ve HAVE been a total basket case!”

She pulled her arm off with a playful growl and smacked my ass...

“so... let’s plant some taters!” she said

“sounds like fun! ...or something...”

We worked for hours. Planting in the springtime sun. When we were done, we were a little tired, but I got the bikes out and we started down the long big hill in front of my house. I told her to be careful and ride the brakes. Not to go too fast until she got comfortable... but before I could get the words out I heard the scream and the crash... I looked back and she was tangled in the frame of the bike and in the middle of the road. I pedaled back to her and jumped off. She was crying like a little girl. Her hands were skinned up and she had a nasty gouge from the pedals on her shins... “WHAT THE ♡■●□!” she whined. I helped her up and walked her and the two bikes back to the house with her limping behind, holding her hands up, which looked horrible. I got some ice for her hands and her shin... she was in pain, so I gave her a few pain pills that I had and her mood improved. “I’m sorry that didn’t work out... I’ll try it again sometime on more level ground... I think I wasn’t ready for that. Who’da thought that you could forget how to ride a bike!”

“I’m sorry too... I really was looking forward to it. You’ll get it. I guess we’ll have to figure something else to do inside...” I gave her a knowing look... she smiled. It had been a couple of weeks since we had seen each other... and I really had missed our sexual magic....

She started to come more often and I could feel myself falling for her again. We were different... and the new house I had found was nice enough and had plenty of room for the recording studio, plus the added bonus of no neighbors. I had picked up a dog at a gig at a campground and Kari loved him so much. His name was Darryl Hall. She asked me why I named him that, and I said “Because who would name their dog John Oates??” a joke that only she would laugh at! She was seemingly OK for the most part. We started riding bikes again, this time she took to it better and actually enjoyed it, when I found her a better bike to ride. I decked both of our bikes out with blue tooth speakers and lights so we could ride up to the dive bars and listen to music the whole way. Those were fun times. And I felt like things were finally coming into focus.

We started riding bikes more and she was still pretty bad at it. I put the bikes in the back of my truck and took her up to the bike trails in town. They stretched for miles in every direction and were paved and there was no traffic. She liked the peaceful trail and all the nature and the critters scurrying out of the way as we rode along. We rode up to the next town and got some lunch and then rode back using another trail. I wasn’t aware that this trail was still under construction. We had to cross a busy highway and it made her nervous. There was loose dirt on the other side where they had just made a new entrance to the bike path, but it wasn’t paved yet and was steep with the freshly moved dirt. I told her to be careful as we went down the hill, but she didn’t know how to use the brakes properly and used the front

brakes... before I knew it, I watched her fall in slow motion... letting out a little scream as the back tire lifted up and the front tire dug into the loose dirt and she SLOOOOWLY fell head first over the handlebars and landed on her chest in the crusty gravel and dirt.

“AAAAAAAHHHH” She jumped up. She had a sexy low-cut sports bra on, and her ample, amazing breasts were covered with dirt and little pinprick cuts that were bleeding.

“Seaaan!!” She whined. She was so pathetic. She wasn’t that hurt, but she was covered with dirt and the little cuts. We were just off the side of the highway and the cars were idling by in the rush hour traffic. “Oh baby! Ooooh! Ooooh! You poor thing!”

“I skinned my boobs! And they’re all dirty!”

“oooh nooo!” I walked my bike up to her and put my hand on her head and kissed her cheek and kissed her poor skinned up girls. “OH MY GOD!” screamed someone from their car, either feeling sorry for her, or was stunned... she looked up at the traffic, for a moment.

“What can we do?”

“We have to get that cleaned up. That’s the most important thing.”

“I had a little towel on my bike, and a 1.5 liter of cold Evian that I had just bought at a gas station before we got back on the path.

“Come up here on the sidewalk. It’s hard to stand on this loose dirt.”

We laid our bikes down by the path and walked the few feet back up to the sidewalk next to the busy road.

“Oh Sean, There’s dirt in my sports bra!”

“I know, baby. We’ll take care of it. OK... now this is gonna be cold. When I count to three I want you to bend over and pull the bra out a little.”

“Ok”

“One, Two, Three!”

SPLASH went half of the ice cold water onto her chest and bra as she held it open... and

She squealed loudly, as the sound morphed into a louder screech of the tires of the passing cars. She squealed again… so I did too…

“ARE YOU %##% KIDDING ME!!??!” yelled someone else from their car.

“Sean... I’m so embarrassed.”

“Yea...UGH hahah... I’m sorry... but that was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen... holy #$$#, baby!”

“It’s not hot! I’m hurt! ...and maybe a little hot... BUT MORE HURT!”

I took my towel and doused it with some more water and started padding her off, pulling her bra out and dumping some more water into it.

“That’s SOO COOOOLD!” She squealed.

“OH! THANK YOU SWEET JESUS!!!”... “TAKE IT OFF!!” Two separate cars yelled.

“Sean, can we please go back on the path!!!”

“Yes, baby. I think they’ve had enough. We don’t want to cause and accident. Or a heart attack!”

“I think you enjoyed that a little too much!”

“Maybe a little! hahah. I’m sorry...”

“It’s ok. I liked it a little too... aside from the pain. hahah”

“Yea... someone’s gonna have a story to tell when they get home!”

“Yea! I saw this girl flashing all the cars in the traffic and a guy dousing her tits with cold water!”

“yea! And she was pretty as a £{○●♡■ angel! And had the best biggest amazing naturals I’ve ever seen! hahah. You’re gonna be famous.”

“Let me see the towel and the water... I gotta get a little more clean...”

It had taken us years, but we finally had fun riding bikes. Kari was still pretty shaky, but she held her own. She had wrecked all three times we had tried, but now that the worst had happened, she seemed to be more in control. We got back to the truck and went home. I cleaned her up better in the bathroom and things got way out of control... and the fantasy of all the guys driving on route 159 that day was the one I was living that night. Life was good.

We went to my dive bar later that night and had some drinks. Partied like rock stars and the days passed by with us getting closer, acting like lovers and full of affection and... love. It was finally feeling like it was going somewhere. I was falling for her. But with Kari, that was only a matter of being around her. And I had never had her around this much. And she was falling hard for me too. She said to me one day, “I’ve never spent this much time with a guy... I mean, we’ve been together for 8 years... but I mean, every day. And it doesn’t get old. We don’t get on each other’s nerves! It’s awesome!”

It made me beam... and it was true. So true.

Later on we tried recording for the first time in the new place.

I had cooked up a quick lyric that was based on Latin and in the firm of a medieval madrigal, with pagan images.

“so what does this mean?”

“It basically means ‘hello great earth mother, hello great sky father, here I am in between you both”.

“Oh… I never know what you’re gonna cook up here. Am I just going to sing it?”

“well, I’m arranging the thing as a 3-4 part harmony as in early madrigal. So we’ll see how that works”.

Kari and Sean (Dolly and the Moondots) -- Mater Magna

https://archive.org/download/dolly-and-the-moondots-mater-magna-1/Dolly%20and%20the%20Moondots%20-%20Mater%20Magna-1.mov